

ELEGIE ⁷²⁹

ON THE DEATH OF
Mr. George Campbell,
 Professor of Divinity in the College of
 EDINBURGH.

ASSIST *Melpomene*, thou doleful Muse,
 Since *Campbell's* dead: none can so mourn but chuse.
 Assist now all ye Nine, and teach me what
 My Pen should write of him, alas! since that
 My Thoughts, much more my Words, are now confounded;
 His Praise scarce can by me be rightly sounded.
 It both transcends my Wit and my soft Vein
 To write's *Encomium* in so high a Strain
 As he deserv'd: let Heav'n then magnify
 So great a person with an Elegy.
 Yet I'll do what I can to let his Worth
 Appear to th' World, therefore I shall break forth
 To bid the World and all in it admire
 The rich and precious Treasure lodged here
 Of Vertues all; but prudence rul'd in State,
 With Patience mild, all Graces had their seat,
 In his great Soul; which this time forth shall shine
 Like a Rich Jewel in the Courts Divine
 His skill in Tongues, and in the Liberal Arts
 Was wonderfull to all who knew his parts;
 But his great knowledge in the things Divine,
 And's rare induements like an *Indian Mine*,
 So shining wasto such as looked on,
 That all surpriz'd did him depend upon
 To catch more precious Jewels from his Tongue
 Than both the *Orient*, and the *West* cou'd bring.
 All did him praise who ever hear'd him Preach,
 Sincerely he the Word of God did teach;
 For which *Drumfries* to keep him did desire,
 But yet cou'd not resist the greater Fire
 Of Love, in *Ed'nburgh's* Citizens, who thought
 They were unhappy if he were not brought
 To grace their City, which he did to wonder,
 And to his Fames encrease, which none cou'd blunder;
 His Learning also was admired by all
 Who hear'd him teach into the Common-Hall;
 In which (to the great use of young Divines)
 He did begin that Library, which shines
 With many Volumes *Theological*,
 Some *Controversial*, others *Practical*.

Therefore ye Students, who thrice happy were
 By his great Learning, Counsel, Wit, and Care;
 Of this great Person, let the world still know,
 In his choice vertues may ye alwayes grow.

Only at present sing ye Obsequies
 Since *Ed'nburgh* College has lost both its Eyes.